

FREMONT JOURNAL:

L. W. BOOTH, Editor and Publisher.

The Journal is published every Saturday morning—Office in Backland's Brick Building—third story; Fremont, Sandusky county, Ohio.

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L. O. O. F.
CROSWAN LODGE, No. 77, meet at the Odd Fellows' Hall, in Backland's Brick Building, every Saturday evening.

PEASE & ROBERTS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Copper, Tin, and Sheet-Iron Ware,

AND DEALERS IN

Stores, Wool, Hides, Sheep-skins, Rags,

Old Copper, Old Shoes, &c., &c.

ALSO, ALL SORTS OF OILS, TANKS, NOTIONS

Pease's Brick Block, No. 1.

FREMONT, OHIO. 32

STEPHEN BUCKLAND & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Dye-Stuffs,

Books, Stationery, &c., &c.

FREMONT, OHIO.

GEORGE W. GLICK,

Attorney and Counselor at Law;

Office—One door east of A. B. Taylor's Store.

July 19, 1851.

BUCKLAND & EVERETT,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law,

And Solicitors in Chancery.

Will attend to Professional business and Land Agency in Sandusky and adjoining counties.

Office: 3d story Backland's Block, Fremont, R. P. Buckland. (Homer Everett.)

January 1st, 1852.

DICKINSON & HAYNES,

Attorneys at Law,

All business entrusted to their care will be promptly attended to. Office the same heretofore occupied by Hon. L. B. Olin, in Backland's Block.

E. F. Dickinson. Geo. R. Haynes.

Fremont Dec. 13, 1851.

CHESTER EDGERTON,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

And Solicitor in Chancery, will carefully attend to all professional business left in his charge. He will also attend to the collection of claims &c., in this and adjoining counties.

Office—Second story Backland's Block.

FREMONT, OHIO. 1

FREMONT HOUSE;

AND GENERAL

STAGE OFFICE:

FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, O.

WM. KESSLER, Proprietor.

MR. KESSLER, announces to the Traveling Public that he has returned to the hotel well known to him, and is now prepared to accommodate in the best manner, all who may favor him with their patronage.

No effort will be spared to promote the comfort and convenience of Guests.

Good Stables and careful Ostrichmen attendance.

Fremont, November 24, 1849—36

GREENE & MUGG,

Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery.

Will give their undivided attention to professional business entrusted to their care in Sandusky and adjoining counties.

Office—In the second story of Backland's Block.

FREMONT, OHIO.

DENTISTRY.

L. D. Parker, Surgeon Dentist,

RESPECTFULLY tenders professional services to the citizens of Fremont and vicinity, all operations relating to the preservation and beauty of the natural teeth, or the insertion of artificial teeth, on gold, silver plate, done in the most perfect manner. He is in possession of the latest improvements now in use, consequently he flatters himself that he is prepared to render entire satisfaction to those who may desire him in any branch of the profession.

Leathen Ether administered, and the extraction without pain, if desired.

Office in Caldwell's Brick Building, over Dr. Smith's office.

Fremont Jan. 24, 1851.

PORTAGE COUNTY Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

R. P. BUCKLAND, Agent.

FREMONT, OHIO.

DR. R. S. RICE.

Continues the practice of Medicine in Fremont and adjacent country.

Office, as formerly, on Frontstreet, opposite the new building.

Fremont, Nov. 23, 1850.—37

Eclectic Physicians.

DOCTORS Wm. W. Karsner & Wm. H. Knepple—Office: South East corner of Pike Street, Fremont, Ohio, where one or both of us will be found at all times to attend to professional calls.

Fremont, July 21st, 1852—1v.

HENRY HOLMES TREADWAY,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Clyde, Sandusky county, O.

October 16th, 1852.

HEATON & WARD,

Attorneys at Law.

FREMONT, OHIO.

See HEATON. J. A. WARD.

FREMONT JOURNAL.

No Sacrifice of Principles.

VOLUME I.

FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, MARCH 26, 1853.

NUMBER 9.

Poetry.

Grave of Ben Bolt.

BY SIDNEY DYER.

By the side of Sweet Alice, they have laid Ben Bolt.
Where often he longed to repose, (Bolt)
For there he would lie with the early spring
And plant o'er his darling the roses. (Bolt)
His heart was as true as the star to his gaze.
When tossed on the billows alone,
But now it is cold and forever at rest,
For he calmly lies under the stone.

How often his eyes were seen brimming with
Tears, as he gazed on the light of his smile,
But joy would rekindle the light of his smile,
When pouring the balm of relief:
At last he has gone to the bright spirit-land,
And free from all sorrow and pain,
He tastes the full rapture of angel above,
For he meets with Sweet Alice again!

We'll gather the flowers from the green shady
And moss from the silent old mill, (Bolt)
To strew o'er the grave where securely repose
The heart that death only could chill;
And oft, when the soul has grown weary and sad,
We'll come by the twilight alone,
To muse o'er the spot where together Ben Bolt
And Sweet Alice lie under the stone.

Be Gentle to thy Wife.

Be gentle to thy little wife,
How many trials rise;
Although to thee they may be small,
To her of giant size.

Be gentle! though perchance that lip
May speak a murmuring tone,
The heart may beat with kindness yet
And joy to be thine own.

Be gentle! weary hours of pain
Thy woman's lot to bear;
Then yield her what support thou canst,
And all her sorrows share.

Be gentle! for the noblest hearts
At times may have human grief,
And even in a petish word
May seek to find relief.

Be gentle! none are perfect—
Thou'rt dearer far than life;
Then husband, bear and still forbear—
Be gentle to thy wife.

Miscellaneous.

California Correspondence.

Messrs. Editors:—As the Journal of Mrs. Charles Shoemaker, while crossing the plains, was quite acceptable to our friends, I have taken the liberty to make a few extracts from her letters in California—all of which is respectfully submitted.

A. R. ADAMS.

Marysville, Aug. 28, 1852.
DEAR PARENTS:—I am happier and sadder to-night, than I have been for a long time. Happy in receiving the so long looked for letter from home—sad to think how great the distance which separates me from friends who love me so dearly. The day has been so intensely hot, that I hardly know what to do with myself. Although we are not in Africa, yet one could easily imagine so at noon-day.

I wish you could see some of the beautiful horses, coaches, and private carriages they have here. Although the price of a lively team, (one horse), is \$10 or \$12 per day, yet we see persons riding continually. We are told that horses and cattle increase almost one-third in size after they come here, the climate being so well adapted to them.

I have seen a number of mule trains packed ready to go to the mines, and it is astonishing to see how much they will carry! They pack them on what they call "apparatus"—four, fish, salt, brandy, &c.—one barrel on the top, and one on each side. Horse rent is very high—the one who was hired to board is \$200 per month, and any room 10 by 18 feet, \$150. Many of the cooks are Chinese, and said to be the best in the world. They command enormous wages. Their dress is very singular, consisting, principally, of blue drilling—loose pantaloons, reaching half way between the knee and ankle, and a loose sack of the same, with long white stockings, long clippers, and the strangest hats I ever saw—great clumsy things, such as we sometimes see in pictures. Their complexion is dark, and they have a dull sleepy look.

Sabbath day—but not like home! All the markets, stores and saloons are open. Miners come in to have a time, and spend their money. Nothing looks more magnificent than the gambling houses. They are so large so brilliantly lighted—such delightful music! and the whole building open in front. French women deal monte and sanchanette, and do not hesitate to knock a man down, if he does not behave to suit them.

This place contains about 5000 inhabitants gathered from almost every nation under the sun. They take no pains to live here—all their desire is to make money. Indeed there are but few private houses worth furnishing. There are some fine public houses, gambling houses, and stores, but all the back streets are composed of little shanties, some entirely of cloth, where Chinese live and take in washing, and where mechanics and workmen do their own cooking—their utensils a camp kettle, a coffee pot, and frying pan. The weather is so mild at night, that it is quite as pleasant, just to take a blanket and lie down on the ground, as on a bed, and hundreds have done so ever since they came here.

They have a very pretty Methodist church, here, and next Sabbath, Charles and I will attend: five months almost beatific, is long enough I think, to make us appreciate a good sermon. You must not suppose that I do not love you all, when I say that I do not allow myself to think of you often, for when I do, it makes me feel so bad, and convinces me more than ever, that I am not of the right disposition to live so far, so very far from home.

We have just been to dinner, and of course the first thing was to eat my pint of bread and milk, which I should have done if it had been the last milk in California: our desert, a nice peach pie, I forgot to say, that milk, well beaten, is \$1 per gallon, and eggs fifty cents a piece! So you will conclude that custard pies are scarce in this country.

Oct. 12th. It is quite sickly here now—almost every person has the fever and ague—indeed it is quite a rarity to see a person well and hearty. Charles has had it at intervals, ever since we came here. They call me the "Hospital nurse." Mr. Anderson was sick here two days, and I made him a cup of

tea, and a little toast a few times, for which he was desirous to pay me; but my natural generosity would not allow me to take anything, even in California. This morning he presented me a beautiful pair of congressators, worth \$6.

DELIA's speaking of the nice things you have laid up for winter, almost made me homesick. Dear sisters; you do not appreciate the blessings with which you are surrounded—nor can you, till deprived of them, as I am. Though we have all that is necessary for comfort, yet it is not, can not be like home where you have some one to enjoy nice things with you. I could never make up my mind to live permanently here, as long as you are all so far distant. When I think of my early home, it appears the pleasantest one in the world. My writing in this way must not make you think that I am either homesick, discouraged or discontented: far from it—but did I not feel so sometimes, it would be unnatural, at least not like me.

Dinner over I resume my pen. On my way to the kitchen I met Wm. PARKS just coming in from the Ranch (shaking with the ague of course, and what do you think he brought me? Five lbs. fresh butter (worth 12 shillings per lb.), the ham of an antelope, and six fat quails! I call that a present worth having, don't you? I made a real genuine pot pie of the quails—the best dinner I have had in California, and the first butter I have tasted.

We get almost all kinds of fruit, put up in little cans—green corn fresh and nice, peaches, strawberries, &c. Charles bought a little can of peaches for tea, holding about a quart, for two dollars. They were yellow, cut off the pits, and delicious. The only fresh fruit found here is grapes, very fine, and pears of an inferior quality. I miss apples very much and often wish I could go into the old cellar and help myself.

Tuesday, Oct. 15th. Have been spending the evening very pleasantly reading "Bachelors' Reveries" to Mrs. Rromagon and Winters—two very agreeable ladies having rooms here. Their husbands are at San-Francisco. We are all strangers in a strange land—and this serves to make us prize each others society.

Our friend George Cook, is very sick with something like typhoid fever and we feel quite alarmed about it. He requires all Charles' time to see to his wants. He is sitting up with him to-night. California after all is not the healthy place it is represented to be. In fact, I believe there are more sick than well people at present. The weather is quite warm, and so dusty!

Sabbath evening, I feel very tired, and very sad to-night—have been busy nearly all day waiting on the sick. Mr. Cook is growing worse, and we begin to despair of his recovery. Some one is playing the liveliest tunes on a violin, in the next house, and all manner of boisterous sounds greet my ear from the street, reminding me of any thing else but sabbath evening.

I wonder how far ones home circle to night? Those dear ones so constantly in my thoughts. I hope well and happy, and hope is a great comfort.

Monday evening, Mr. Cook has been gradually sinking through the day, and we have given up all hopes of his recovery. He is insensible to everything around him. Charles watches beside him with the care of a brother, and I am almost sick with anxiety and waiting upon him.

Tuesday, Mr. Cook is no more! His spirit took its flight about nine o'clock last evening, overwhelming us all with intense sorrow. His disease was congestion of the liver, and of so long standing, as to admit of no remedy. As he was our patron, as well as friend, everything about us seems changed, and the future wears a gloomy aspect.

Those beautiful lines of Mrs. Hemans, present themselves to my mind, with thrilling force:

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the south winds breath;
And stars to set, and suns to shine,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O! Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the seas,
When autumn's hues shall tinge the golden grain,
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

George Cook, our departed friend, was a man unusually beloved and respected, and very extensively known from having been so long in a public house in Cincinnati. Much was expected of him here, in a like capacity, in the Merchants' Exchange; but no more than he would have been able to perform. It was a business to which he looked forward with pleasure, in which, as well as the profits were expected to share. He had no relatives here—yet many kind, warm-hearted friends watched beside him during his illness, and administered to every want. He always treated us with the utmost kindness; and frequently said we seemed like brother and sister to him. While many feel his loss, we shall miss him more than all the rest.

Evening. We have just returned from the grave yard, distant about two miles. Mr. Cook was buried by the Old Fellows. I saw as many as three or four hundred graves, and at least twenty ready for use; so you can imagine how sickly it is here. I never knew one so many pale faces. A Mr. ALLEN has been sick here three weeks. I never knew one to appreciate kindness more, which makes the task of waiting upon him, comparatively easy. He ventures to walk out once a day. He gave me this morning four real eggs for my dinner: they cost \$2! the rest of my dinner about \$1! Just think of eating \$3 worth of provision at one meal! It seems like extravagance, but we are gradually becoming used to it.

Have just entered my pleasant and cheerful room, but before retiring, will finish the details of the day. I had been housed up so long, that I thought this afternoon I would allow myself a little leisure, and return a few calls of long standing, just to see how it would seem. Accordingly I put on my light silk, with the other "fixings" and sallied forth, feeling more like "a cat in a strange garret" than anything else. My destination was the United States Hotel, where were boarding some half dozen lady friends. The streets are awful dusty, and filled with all kinds of

stables that you can imagine: Sacks of po-

tatoes, onions, cabbages, beets, turnips, squashes, &c., all ready to dispose of, here, or to pack to the mines. You see, and even crowd through piles upon piles of these articles, extending from Plaza even down to the river.

By each parcel you will see two or three Spaniards called "Arritors," either packing their mules, or guarding their property till they are ready to do so. Their style of dress is very peculiar; pants very large—I hardly know how to describe them—but imagine white, or nankin—the lining sewed up separately—the outside seam, from the lower part of the pocket entirely open; though made to button up it is never done. They just leave them to hang loose and open, showing the white lining at every step! Then they always wear a "Scrapie," around them the corner brought round in front, and thrown over the shoulder, not showing their arms at all. Add to this a low crowned black or straw hat and their costume is complete. The scrapie is a kind of twisted blanket, woven of the most brilliant colors; sometimes in small flowers, but oftener in stripes.

Oh my way home, I could not resist temptation, to buy a little sour apple, though I paid two bits (25c.). I could not help thinking that in my fathers cellar, there were apples enough and to spare; and here I am, considering it a treat, to eat one not fit for our side.

Have just been to dinner. We had fried ham boiled potatoes, fried onions, bakers' bread, which I despise, and strong butter which I sometimes look at but never eat.

Our girl CATHERINE is one of the most willing, kind-hearted persons, I ever saw—the very picture of health. It does one good just to look at her honest rosy face. Her husband is "Man of all work" about the house, and is equal in willingness to herself. Even evening when the duties of the day are over, they go into their little room, and while she sews, he reads to her in German. He says, "when Catherine dies, he must tie too."

As I look about my room I think perhaps you would like a description of it, with the other wonders of California. It is No. 28, 15 by 16 feet, on the first hall floor covered with a nice three ply carpet—red, white, black and green—a sofa bedstead, dressing bureau wash stand with drawers in front, three chairs, and a little table, on which I have arranged my small stock of books, my lamp mat so much admired, and most treasured of all, the daguerotypes. Oh do not let Julia, Frank and Florence forget their sister, who often looks at the picture of their sweet little faces and wipes away a tear!

From your affectionate
LUCIA.

From the London Quarterly Review.

Wordsworth Anecdotes.

He once related that he had never felt empty but twice—when a fellow-student at Cambridge got before him in Italian, and when he tripped up the heels of his brother to prevent his winning a race.

Cottle, the British bookseller offered to purchase and publish the pieces which Wordsworth had then in stock, but the poet exhibited the utmost reluctance to submit his pretensions to public scrutiny. He said, at the close of his life, that all he wrote fell short of his aspirations, and that he questioned if he should ever have given anything to the world unless he had been forced by the pressure of personal necessities.

In training his eldest son for college, Wordsworth was led about this time into a careful perusal of several Latin poets, which further enticed him into translating a part of the *Æneid* in rhyme. He had read Ovid's *Metamorphoses* at school, and used to be in a passion when he found him placed below Virgil, but after he had studied the *Mantuan* he became one of his steadiest worshippers. He pronounced him the greatest master of language that ever existed; and extolled his lofty moral tone and frequent strokes of tenderness and imagination.

The anxiety of his gardener that the grass should be of a shade to harmonize with the shrubs, is pleasantly recorded by Sir John Coleridge:—"James and I are in a puzzle here," said the poet to the judge. "The grass has spots which offend the eye, and I told him we must cover them with soap-suds. That, he says, will make them darker than the rest. Then, said I, we must cover the whole. That, he objects, will not do in reference to the adjoining lawn. Cover that, I said, to which he replied: 'You will have an unpleasant contrast with the surrounding foliage.'" How much the tasteful James was indebted to his instructor may be guessed by the sentence pronounced by a rustic of the class from which he sprang, upon the beautiful mosses, lichen and ferns which ornamented the rim of the well at Rydal. "What a nice well that would be," he said to Wordsworth, in person, "if all that rubbish was cleared away!"

"Come, sonny get up," said an indulgent father to a hopeful son the other morning remembering that the early bird catches the first worm! "What do I care for the worms," replied the hopeful, "mother won't let me go fishing."

Theodore Parker calls New Hampshire "the land of poor relations and cheap tomb stones."

"Five years ago," says a writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, "Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was three years in arrears for rent in the parish of St. James. He could not pay his tailor's, or his upholster's, or his wine merchant's bill, or meet one half of his engagements in the city or at the Westend."

A young lady, given to tattling, says she never tells anything unless to two classes of people—those who ask her, and those who don't.

A man with a pair of wooden legs is announced for Congress in Illinois. He makes the best stump speeches of any in them dignities.

LAWS OF OHIO

(BY AUTHORITY.)

No. 38.] AN ACT

Supplementary to the act entitled "an act to provide for the settlement of the estates of deceased persons."

Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, That upon complaint made to the probate court of any county, by the executor or executors, administrator or administrators, creditor or creditors, devisee or devisees, legatee or legatees, heir or heirs, or other person or persons interested in the estate of any deceased person, against any person or persons suspected of having concealed, embezzled or conveyed away any of the moneys, goods, chattels, things in action or effects of such deceased, the said court shall cite the person or persons suspected forthwith to appear before it, and to be examined on oath or affirmation, touching the matter of the said complaint.

Sec. 2. That if any person so as aforesaid cited, shall refuse or neglect to appear and submit to an examination as aforesaid, or shall refuse to answer such interrogatories as may be lawfully propounded, the probate court shall commit such person to the jail of the county, there to remain in close custody, until he or she shall submit to the order and direction of the court in that behalf.

Sec. 3. That all such examinations, including as well questions as answers, shall be reduced to writing, signed by the party examined, and filed in the court before which the same was taken.

Sec. 4. That the probate court shall, if required by either party, swear or affirm such other witness or witnesses as may be offered by either party, touching the matter of such complaint, and shall cause the examination of every such witness, including as well questions as answers, to be reduced to writing, signed by the witness and filed as aforesaid.

Sec. 5. That if upon any such examination, the probate court shall be of opinion that the person or persons accused is or are guilty of either having concealed, embezzled or conveyed away any moneys, goods, chattels, things in action or effects of the deceased person as aforesaid, the court shall forthwith render judgment in favor of the executor or executors, administrator or administrators, of the estate, or in favor of the State of Ohio, for the use of the estate of such deceased person (if there be no executor or administrator in said State, against the person or persons so found guilty, for the amount of moneys or the value of the goods, chattels, things in action, or effects so concealed, embezzled or conveyed away, together with ten per centum penalty, and all the costs of such proceeding or complaint, which said judgment shall be a lien upon the real estate of the person or persons, against whom it is rendered, within the county, from the rendition thereof.

Sec. 6. That the executor or executors, administrator or administrators in favor of whom any such judgment shall have been rendered, may forthwith deliver to the clerk of the court of common pleas of the said county, an authenticated transcript (which the probate judge is hereby directed to make out and deliver, on demand, to such executor or executors, administrator or administrators,) on which said transcript the clerk aforesaid shall immediately issue an execution of fieri facias et levare facias, returnable to the next term of the said court of common pleas for the amount of the original judgment and costs and the costs which may have accrued, or may accrue thereon. And thereafter proceedings on the said execution shall be in all respects as if the said judgment had been rendered in the said court of common pleas.

Sec. 7. That if such judgment as aforesaid be rendered in the name of the State of Ohio, and there be no executor or administrator within this State, the prosecuting attorney of the county shall cause the said transcript to be filed in the clerk's office, and proceed thereon to execution as before provided; and he shall pay the moneys realized upon such execution, to the treasurer of the county, for the use of the said estate, reserving such compensation to himself only as the court may allow.

Sec. 8. That all gifts, grants or conveyances of lands, tenements, hereditaments, rents, goods, or chattels, and all bonds, judgments, or executions, made or obtained with intent to avoid the purposes of this act, or in contemplation of any such examination or complaint as aforesaid, shall be utterly and of no effect.

Sec. 9. That the two hundred and thirty-ninth section of the act to provide for the settlement of the estates of deceased persons, passed the twenty-third day of March, in the year eighteen hundred and forty, be repealed: Provided, however, that such repeal shall not affect any proceeding commenced or right accrued under or in virtue of the said section.

JAMES C. JOHNSON,
Speaker of the House of Rep's.
WILLIAM MEDILL,
President of the Senate.

February 26, 1853.

No. 39.] AN ACT.

Regulating the fees of Sheriffs in Probate Courts.

Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, That the Sheriffs of the several counties in this State for performing the duties required by law in the Court of Probate, shall receive the same fees as are now or may hereafter be allowed by law for similar services in the Court of Common Pleas, to be taxed against the proper parties by the Probate Judge.

JAMES C. JOHNSON,
Speaker of the House of Rep's.
WILLIAM MEDILL,
President of the Senate.

March 2, 1853.

No. 40.] AN ACT.

Making appropriations in part for the year 1853, and for deficiencies in the Quarter Master General's department, in the year 1852.

Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, That the Sheriffs of the several counties in this State for performing the duties required by law in the Court of Probate, shall receive the same fees as are now or may hereafter be allowed by law for similar services in the Court of Common Pleas, to be taxed against the proper parties by the Probate Judge.

JAMES C. JOHNSON,
Speaker of the House of Rep's.
WILLIAM